

OKLAHOMA.

A STRIKING PICTURE OF ITS SETTLEMENT.

The Phantom Hopes of Disheartened Boomers—Not the Land of Promise They Imagined—Scenes in the Chief City.

The stupendous expectations of the 60,000 pioneers who rushed pell-mell across the Oklahoma border fills one with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when he landed in Brobdingnag and saw corn as high as oaks, thimbles as large as buckets and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole movement and every component part of it was on a gigantic scale. Not merely in bulk, but in specific gravity also, it was the most extravagant affair in the history of America's westward emigration. Swelled to vast dimensions, animated with American impetuosity, one is reminded that the history of popular adventure furnishes no parallel to the scene which was revealed by the light of that morning on the borders of the Oklahoma territory. Within a few short weeks the wild, uneven and uncultivated country has undergone a complete change.



FOOTING IT.

Within that short time a population of 60,000 souls has crossed the line and rushed with thoughtless haste in search of an obscure phantasmagoria. Once in sight of the new El Dorado, the toils and hazards of former undertakings were forgotten; before them stood phantoms of hope and dreams of sudden affluence—phantoms and dreams indeed. If history contains a parallel to this adventurous exodus, it is aptly illustrated in the familiar little nursery rhyme wherein the King of France, with his 40,000 men, marched up the hill and then marched down again. Such a movement before the deluge might have been considered great sport by the families of Hilpa and Shalum, but, unhappily, the life of a man is now only three score years and ten—quite too short a time to spend in thus wandering about the terrestrial sphere in search of a modern Eden.

Many of those who entered the enchanted gardens in an inebriation of delight are quitting them already in the agonies of bitter disappointment. The impenetrable lines of boomers who entered that abode with delight and hope, after a short term of delusive happiness find themselves doomed to expiate their folly by a sense of wretched disappointment and destitution. Viewed from the quiet of their Northern and Southern homes, surrounded by the domestic bulwarks of peace and prosperity erected by patient industry, Oklahoma struck them at first glance as a delightful spot where every physical enjoyment awaited the happy adventurer. Every newcomer in his Utopian fantasy was to be received with eager hospitality by the Government, and encouraged to expect prosperity and greatness galore.

The fickleness of the multitude was never more cleverly illustrated than when the reaction set in. At the commencement of the movement there had been a strong and indeed reasonable feeling in favor of Oklahoma emigration. At the close of the movement there was a feeling equally strong and equally unreasonable against it. One evidence of the change came as a natural result of the disappointment of those crowded out; but it is noticeable also that of those who succeeded in establishing claims there are many disaffected spirits grown tired of the whole business.

After days and perhaps months of patient travel and laborious delay the cosmopolitan army of pioneers found itself standing on the border, awaiting the order to enter. A world of care rolled from their shoulders as they seated themselves around their camp-fires on the outskirts of the new land of plenty. Doubtless there were very many intelligent and well-balanced minds in all that motley array—minds that had procured, by diligent inquiry and careful estimates, a fair



FIRST HOUSE IN GUTHRIE.

idea of the prospects that awaited them; but it is equally true that the predominating element was made up of classes hopelessly ignorant and painfully shiftless. Many of them knew nothing about their prospective homes nor of the methods by which they were to establish a tenure.

Day by day the army of boomers was re-enforced. The vehicles loaded with household goods and implements of husbandry, the few straggling sheep and cattle that were herded in the rear, and the rugged appearance and careless mien of the sturdy men who loitered at the sides of the lingering teams, united to announce a new band of boomers, seeking for the El Dorado of the West. In this chaotic mass of people from every State in the Union, there were plentifully distributed all the good and the bad ele-

ments known to the American population.

A curious and reflective mind will not fall on many subjects more attractive en masse than the compact humanity stretching several deep for sixty miles along the border of this modern Canaan. It is striking to consider how widely they were estranged from their homes and their primitive landmarks, diversified, it may be said, from all the associations with which they were familiar, and yet how readily little clans from opposite sections allied their interests and harmonized their efforts in endeavoring to get a grip and hold it. Individualities were swallowed up in the vortex which attended the tide of instant emigration. Instances abound in which men and families from totally different parts of the country joined hands on the border and fought their way across the line together.

A saloonkeeper from Arkansas went into partnership with the Captain of a Lade Superior schooner to practice law together at Guthrie; and the day after the portulais was raised to the boomers this enterprising combination displayed a shingle with "special attention given to claims," emblazoned thereon in letters of conspicuous black. It might properly be said that before they succeeded in establishing their own claim to an old log house found standing they enjoyed the belligerent thrill of six separate little encounters.

While it may not be said that fortunes were made in a day, as in the times of ancient forty-niners, still some very remarkable instances of money-making attended the boom, and many of its more ardent participants came out decidedly ahead, from a lucrative standpoint. An ex-Mayor of a small town in Southern Missouri, by name Snyder, who had been recently defeated in an effort to re-elect himself, came to Oklahoma with \$400 in cash. This he invested in a carload of utter and eggs, which he shipped in small quantities to various points along the Santa Fe Railroad, clearing a profit of \$300 on the single car.

Then he happened to learn of a great scarcity of axes and axe handles. The hardware speculators had entirely overlooked this very necessary article, and the boomers who were anxious to build cabins found themselves handicapped at the outset for want of the most necessary tool. So this lately defeated candidate for municipal honors telegraphed to Kansas City for a carload of axes and ax handles, and when they arrived a few days after he sold them in a jiffy at his own price. Thus was his \$400 capital increased to \$1400.

About this time a swell young man chanced along who owned a proprietary interest in a town site in the fertile Canadian Valley. His father, he said, had lived on the place years before, and by virtue of his long claim the Government had permitted him to hold it. Mr. ex-Mayor was fascinated by the beautiful pictures painted orally by the swell young man, and after satisfying himself that everything was straight he agreed to go into partnership with his \$1400 and a half interest in the delusive town site. When his money was turned over to the "company," Snyder found his town site to have been a swindle of the deepest dye, and he has returned to the business of butter and eggs, preferring fee simple to a bird in the hand rather than absolute title to a bogus town site.



THE FIRST BARBER SHOP.

It is a great mistake to suppose that all the boomers are in search of a quarter section. Many of them wouldn't take it as a gift. They have settled in the most thriving localities and into a \$50 portable house they have stocked a \$50 lot of goods. Then after the goods are sold for \$150, the stock is replenished, and when trade becomes dull, these itinerant shopkeepers, in a literal sense, fold up their houses and move on down the road. Finally they close the trip by selling the house for \$100, immediately embarking on some new venture.

Thus one party informed me he had sold picket-fences at Alfred, cakes and pie at Guthrie, crockery at Edmond, horse shoes at Oklahoma City, sheep at Verbeek and bad whisky (on the quiet) a Norman. This class of boomer has increased Guthrie from a town of 200 in habitants to one of 6000, Kingfisher from 150 to 3000, and smaller places have increased proportionally, while the number of newly located town sites swell the list of Oklahoma settlements beyond that of their neighbors in the great Texas panhandle. The whole district is hourly exhibiting how much can be done even in a rugged country, under the dominion of mild laws, where every man feels a direct interest in the prosperity of a commonwealth of which he knows himself to form a part.

Conceive the surprise of a former resident of Oklahoma in coming suddenly upon the new scenes and magic changes that have altered his native land! Picture his astonishment at the well-arranged municipalities, though as yet in embryo; at the piercing shriek of locomotives heading in different directions; at the ringing of church bells and the hammer of carpenters! The mythological conqueror of the East, whose enchantments reduced wild beasts to the tameness of domestic cattle, and a touch of whose lance caused flourishing cities to spring up out of the ground is but an imperfect type of the extraordinary forces that would seem to have been at work among these native hills and prairies.

The old Indian country where, but a few months ago, scattered bands of Creeks and Seminoles roamed at will, has

become the new territory—the land of "newness" in all that the term implies. The quiet and at times gloomy forest trail from Guthrie to Kingfisher is now punctuated here and there with trading posts and newly surveyed farms, while a big, cumbersome stage, drawn by four Kansas horses, makes two trips a day over a well-beaten roadway, already feeling the influence of railroad construction. In every direction the traveler meets with surveyor's corps, whose tripods, stakes and measuring lines give to the somewhat sombre landscape an appearance of new thrift, suggesting substantial and wholesome improvement of the right sort. A large corps of engineers are also at work bridging the many streams and clearing the way for several new lines of railroad. The Frisco, Santa Fe, Rock Island and Atlantic Pacific are each making strenuous efforts to secure the necessary rights of way and push their iron-bound paths through the heart of the new El Dorado.

The presence of these omens of civilization reminds one that all the maxims of the Indian policy are changing. Physical boundaries are superseded by moral boundaries. Paradoxically, the Government is waging a peaceful war with the Indian—a war with money for arms—



A BOOMER'S TEAM.

arms which no fortifications, however strong by nature or by art, can resist; arms before which rivers part like the Jordan and ramparts fall down like the great walls of Jericho. The Creeks and Seminoles, who sold Oklahoma for \$2,000,000, are scoffed at by their neighbors, the Cherokees and Choctaws, but already the Government has a commission waiting to deal with them for the sale of the Outlet, and there is every reason to believe that the offers which excited the ancient rapacity of the Creeks will perform a similar office for the smooth-tongued Cherokee.

Among the towns in Oklahoma, Guthrie, from its central location, has made the best growth, and the first two-story house is just building. A sporadic growth of brick chimneys and the germs of an occasional small garden plot are intermittent evidences of civilization that greet the eye. A large and decidedly prosperous crowd constantly surrounds the land office, for, before a man begins to make improvements on his estate he must know its boundaries, which can only be furnished by the red-mustached commissioner, Cassius M. Barnes. This office is only opened about four hours a day, and as there are some eight thousand men waiting to register, the last man's turn will probably come some time next year. Major Barnes has a large safe in his office which he looks upon with considerable pride. He says he had it made with an interior combination lock and invisible air-holes, so that in the event of an outburst of vindictive wrath on the part of some disgruntled boomer, the nimble Mayor can hop inside the safe and shut the door behind him.

Besides the land offices, both Guthrie and Kingfisher have banks, backed by substantial men, and Oklahoma City boasts a newspaper. Among the other comforting evidences of undiminished civilization, there is that mute emblem of effervescent cheer—the soda fountain and, again, the ubiquitous but ever-welcome traveling photographer, with his unvarying odors of all the anhydrous acids. There are also evidences of drug stores—very essential these, serving to infuse the thirsty boomer with the prevailing skepticism regarding prohibition. One of the features of Guthrie is an enterprising young woman from Michigan named McGaherty, who has settled upon a town lot near the land office. She has opened a millinery and dressmaking establishment, using the rear end of a decrepit wagon as a show-window, while the front end serves as madam's boudoir. When Mme. McGaherty had her spring opening the only article for sale was her expensive sun-bonnet, which was soon

purchased by a young woman from Mississippi, whose hat had been lost while crossing Walnut Creek. With a truly effeminate notion of the eternal fitness of things, the enterprising milliner then ripped a piece of canvas out of the top of her wagon and by deftly working in some green baize from the lining of her undershirt she soon had a tempting morsel of a bonnet that arrested the attention and called out the admiration of the elite of Guthrie's suburbs. To-day the young lady is plethoric of purse and quite the belle of the town. When last seen Mme. McGaherty was chopping wood, but between her muscular blows she stopped long enough to tell me of a pestilent heresy in the shape of a rival dressmaker, that day arrived. Parenthetically Miss McGaherty remarked that if the newcomer's house were burned down in the night it wouldn't surprise her at all.



BROKEN DOWN.

Not to be outdone in any of the metropolitan features, Guthrie has the omnipresent baseball club, except the "Guthrie Howlers." This euphonious title belongs to the chief excellence of the club,

and the technical plectrum of daisy cutters and slides is lost sight of in the blood-scurdling yells which resound over the prairies in the evening when the club is in practice. Each member of the nine comes from a separate State, which entitles one to suppose that in the matters of baseball mankind is everywhere the same. Again, the "Guthrie Howlers," strengthens one's belief that no earthly revolutions will dampen the ardor of base hits and flies.



DEAD ON THE ROAD.

There is a little mission chapel at Guthrie, an offshoot from the Old Sacred Heart Mission in the Pottawatomie nation, which, tradition says, was founded by a band of priests about the time Daniel Boone settled in Kentucky. As soon as this little Guthrie mission-house was secured a party of drunken boomers and apocryphous cowboys broke down the windows and doors and betrayed several other little symptoms of irreligion by setting the house on fire; but their sacrilegious sport aroused the ire of the preacher, a man of muscular divinity, and he organized a band of ecclesiastical vigilantes, who drove the offenders away after shooting one of them through the leg.

Notwithstanding the formidable combination of bad elements which sought the occupancy of the new country, experience entitles one to believe that the boomers have, as a class, preserved remarkably good order. Upon reaching the land of their hopes and ambitions they found arbitrary measures in force along the border. All the streams were high, horses were lamed, food was hard to find and absolute destitution abounded in every camp. Difficulty and danger had attended their long march and confronted them on the threshold of their new homes, but in spite of obstacles in their way the Oklahoma country is already under the rich cultivation that betokens the honest energy of its new proprietors. Retrospectively, one can but see the significance of this great movement, and admire the flux and reflux of popular opinion steadily asserting itself towards the solution of the Indian question. The more one reads the history of America's epochs, the more one observes the signs of the times, the more thoroughly one becomes convinced of the irresistible tendencies of a westward course of empire. The history of this western country is the history of progress. It is the history of a constant movement of the public mind, of a constant change in the institutions of a great society.—New York World.

Dresses for Girls.



1. Girl's dress of surah: Straight gathered skirt, with pinked-out ruffles around the bottom; full waist, gathered into a collar and into the belt; the sleeves have puffs at the shoulders and are plain to the wrists, where there are cuffs with pinked ruffles; the collar and bands down the shoulder seams are cut out in small points; a band of shirring finishes the skirt in front just below the belt; a rosette bow is set on the front of the waist at the belt. Seven and one-half yards of surah required. Hat of fine braid; trimming of velvet ribbon loops and a roll of velvet around the crown.

2. Tiny girl's dress of cashmere: Skirt in side plaits; waist plaited from shoulders to waist-line and crossed in surplice fashion; a velvet collar has square points extending down either side of a vest made of embroidered material; full sleeves, gathered into cuffs finished with points of velvet; sash belt looped in a knot at one side. Three yards of cashmere, one-half yard of embroidered material for collar, and one-quarter of a yard of velvet for collar and cuff trimmings.

3. Girl's dress of fine plaid made of bins: Skirt in side plaits; the hem finished with feather stitching in pointed rows; sailor waist, with feather stitched collar fastened at one side by a button; narrow stripes of the goods having double rows of buttons are set down each shoulder seam; sleeves slightly full and gathered into straight cuffs, finished with buttons. Four yards of plaid required.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Joke Nearly Precipitates a War.

The late Count Schouvaloff did much in 1878 to preserve peace between England and Russia, but on one occasion one of his jokes nearly precipitated war. He was at Lady Granville's, in London, at a time when rumors were thick that the Russians were advancing by forced marches on Constantinople. Some one asked him promptly if it were so. "Why," he replied, with a laugh, "we are already there!" The company scattered. Two hours afterward telegrams were flying to Aldershot, Portsmouth, Besika Bay and elsewhere. Three days later one inquired of the Ambassador why he had put off such a serious joke. He replied that no one had any business to question him on such a subject in a drawing-room.—Goodall's Sun.

SOLDIER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE GEN. GRANT MEMORIAL.

Bulletin from Headquarters—Harper's Ferry and Knoxville.

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, KANSAS CITY, MO., April 18, 1889.

Circular Letter, No. 4.

Comrades: The Commander-in-Chief believes the time now opportune to specially invite the attention of all comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic to the necessity and propriety of completing a work which has twice received the unanimous indorsement of the National Encampment; namely, the erection at Washington, D. C., of a Grand Army memorial in honor of our late Comrade, Ulysses S. Grant. It was then recommended that each Post of the Order set aside a sum equal to 15 cents for each member in good standing to be turned over to the Grand Memorial Committee, which is composed of one representative from each Department. A large number of Posts early availed themselves of the opportunity for joining in this good work; but others, doubtless for good reasons then, postponed action.

The fund as it now stands is not sufficient to properly represent the Grand Army of the Republic, nor would it be just to those who may be waiting for final notice to now close the project by accepting places based upon the amount of money now available.

The Committee, however, desires to complete its work at the earliest practicable date, and the Commander-in-Chief earnestly recommends that at the first meeting of the Posts, after the receipt of this order, favorable action be taken in this matter.

The insignificant sum required from each comrade will secure the erection at the Capital of the Nation of a Memorial that will, long after we have passed away, testify the tender love of the surviving veteran soldiers and sailors of the Union for one of their own number, whose services in life conferred lasting honor upon all who with him were privileged to serve their country, either on land or sea, in its days of trial; now happily over.

All contributions for this purpose should be paid through Department Headquarters to Comrade John Taylor, Quartermaster-General, Philadelphia, Pa., and it is fervently hoped that soon after the next birth-day of General Grant, Apr. 27, the contribution of each Post of our Order will have been received and the speedy completion of the monument assured.

Official: WM. WARNER, Commander-in-Chief.

Harper's Ferry and Knoxville.

In reading the communications of Comrade Wm. H. Nichols, 1st R. I. Cav., Salem, Mass., and Comrade Darrow, 12th Ill. Cav., concerning the services of these regiments at Harper's Ferry and elsewhere, I was forcibly reminded of the anxiety of our regiment (60th Ohio) to also cut its way out of Harper's Ferry on the night before the surrender—Sept. 14, 1863. But we were ordered to remain and hold Bolivar Heights at all hazards, and we did stay and hold them until about 9 o'clock the next morning, when we, with about 12,000 others, laid down our arms in surrender to General Stonewall Jackson. For several days we were very anxious as to the fate of the cavalry that had left us on the night of the 14th, but we soon heard that they had gone out safely, or with but small loss. Gen. A. P. Hill, who was a division commander under Gen. Jackson, had more the appearance of a cowboy than that of a Major-General. He had on neither coat nor vest, and what clothes he did wear were the color of a Virginia "big road." He wore a slouch hat and rode a dun-colored horse. Gen. Jackson had his clothes on, which were of the regulation Confederate gray, with the stars on the collar of coat and embroidery on the sleeves. His conversation and bearing gave us the impression that he was a humane and honorable gentleman. He wore short, dark iron-gray whiskers, and rode a dark brown or black horse.

Now, I have described, Gen. Jackson and Hill as I remember them to have appeared 27 years ago. But our memories are not infallible, hence the controversies concerning military events which took place from 24 to 28 years ago. We then saw battles from different standpoints. We often marched and camped and fought in cloudy weather, without a proper location of the points of the compass. Let us once get it firmly into our heads that a certain direction is north, and it is next to impossible to remove the delusion. I remember marching one cloudy day from Frederick City in the direction of Ellicott City, Md. During the forenoon I got the impression that we were going due west, but later in the day I was made to understand that we were going east, yet if I did not watch myself closely I would speak of the point of the compass ahead of us as west, when I knew better.

After the 60th Ohio—a one-year regiment—was mustered out of the service, I re-entitled in the 2d Ohio U. S. A., and we spent a part of our time at Knoxville, Tenn. In reading the article of Comrade W. R. Carter, 1st Tenn. Cav., my memory is refreshed as to some of the scenes and persons of the historic city of Knoxville. I believe the 1st Tenn. Cav. was Col. Jim Brownlow's regiment. During the war there was a story going that Col. Brownlow had challenged the Colonel of the 1st Tenn. Confederate Cav. to a regimental duel in open field, and that when our military authorities got on to it, it came near costing Col. Brownlow his commission. Who knows anything about that? I well remember Paton Brownlow and Horace Maynard. The latter could often be seen on the Gay-street sidewalks, near his office door, bareheaded, with his long, straight locks, like those of an Indian, hanging down upon his shoulders, in close and animated conversation with a friend.

In March, 1865, he and the old Paton went up to Strawberry Plains, where I had gone, and was acting Quartermaster and Commissary of that post. They went to hold a political meeting, as Mr. Brownlow had a short time previous been nominated for Governor of Tennessee. They both made speeches from the platform in front of my ware-

house. Maynard's speech was calm, earnest and argumentative, while that of Mr. Brownlow was fiery and epithetical to the last degree. He was then very fleshy, so that I had to assist him in removing his cloak, yet he would lean upon the table in front of him and score those Tennessee rebels and their sympathizers till we could almost see the blood running out of them. He went for Isham G. Harris with an especial relish. He was a grand old man. I well remember Fort Sanders, but I am sorry to say that we got there a year too late to be competent witnesses as to whether cotton was used in its defense.

One morning in October, 1864, while we were stationed at Knoxville, I was ordered to appear immediately at the headquarters of Gen. Stoneman, who was then in command of that post. I could not tell what was the matter, but expected to be drawn and quartered before escaping from the presence of that august and weather-beaten warrior. I obeyed orders, and promptly reported at the office of the General, who immediately ordered me under arrest for the alleged crime of changing the location of a picket-post at the foot of Gay street near the depot of the E. T. Va. & Ga. R. R. I had been Officer of the Guard the day before, but the change of picket-post had been made several days before. Of this I soon convinced the General, who let me off whole.

Patron Saints.

St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, is the Patron of the Universal Church.

St. Pancras is the Patron of Childhood.

St. Aloysius is the Patron of Youth, Purity and Students.

St. Agnes is the Patron of Maidens.

St. Monica is the Patron of Matrons.

St. Maxima is the Patron of Virgins and Wives.

St. Vincent de Paul is the Patron of Charity.

St. Camillus of Lellis is the Patron of Hospitals.

St. Sabine is invoked against gout and rheumatism.

St. Apollonia is invoked against toothache.

St. Benedict Joseph Labre is invoked against lightning.

St. Roch is invoked against contagious diseases.

St. Barbara is invoked for the last Sacraments.

St. Blase prevents and cures sore throats.

St. Sebastian is the Patron of Soldiers.

St. Hubert is the Patron of Hunters.

St. Thomas Aquinas is the Patron of Schools.

A Character.

Lady Hornby, wife of the British Admiral, is a "character." Years ago she was struck in the eye by a shot from a catapult in the streets of London, and lost its sight. She is, however, as sharp as a needle, and her one remaining eye does duty for both. She is one of the most courageous women alive, and once saved the life of a favorite cat by herself biting a mad dog at the tail. She delights in nothing so much as startling people, and once set a hotel full of dowagers into fits by telling them the secret of her plentiful supply of exotics was her habit of going round the cemetery every morning and snatching them from the tombs. There are endless stories about the sayings and doings of her ladyship, and she does all she knows to foster a character for eccentricity.

Not Very Reassuring.



Visitor to Coal Mine—"Seems to me that rope's giving way fast. How often do you change it?" Miner—"Every six weeks; an' if we're lucky enough to get to the top it'll be changed to-morrow."—Pittsburg Blatter.

A Great Wag.

